

THE  
SAILOR'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. 27.

JANUARY, 1854.

No. 5.

RIO DE JANEIRO CHAPLAINCY.

*Feel at home—The aged negro—  
A faithful man—Journal of visit-  
ing the "water parish."*

RIO DE JANEIRO, }  
Sept. 20th, 1853. }

This tropic city with its inhabitants so un-American, with its scenery, tastes, and almost every thing so totally different from the United States, is no longer strange to me. I feel that this is my home; for here I find my duty binds me, and each day I discover the great importance of that duty which has called me hither to preach to our countrymen who go down to the sea in ships. Recently my heart has more than ever been struck with the blessedness of religion. The very want of all godliness which I see around me in general, causes me renewedly to say, "bless the Lord, O my soul!" And when from time to time I find, in visiting my parish on the water, some old soldier of the cross, valiant and full of faith—tried and ever ready at the command of the Captain of his salvation, I thank God and take courage. I recently encountered such an one. Twenty-six years had the good old negro-man

floated on the billows, but feared no danger, for He who calmed the angry waves on a dangerous little lake in Palestine, had been with him in the wildest storms. In serenity and peace does he look up to Him who hath spoken peace to his soul. For three weeks the barque was in the harbor upon which was this aged African. Many a time did I visit him and listen to his truly edifying conversation, which was as humble as it was evangelical. He had no confidence in himself; but Christ strengthening him he could do all things. Just before the vessel to which he belonged left I went aboard to say farewell.—After some conversation we parted, but when I was about a stone's throw from the barque he shouted out to me "good-bye, I shall see you *over there*"—I inquired, "*over where?*" "Why, to be sure, on the other side of Jordan!" Blessed old man! when he has finished the voyage of this life he will land safely on Canaan's happy shore,

"Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet."

August 13, (Saturday). This day visited twenty American vessels, and a number under the English flag, to

invite all hands to Bethel service to-morrow. Was delighted to find the Captain of the A. T. and his wife active agents and colporteurs for the Bible and Tract Societies wherever they go. The captain is a Frenchman born in Canada, and his wife was from Belgium, near the line between that country and Flanders.—She had been a Romanist, but will never again confess to man. She had read many of the works of the Tract Society, and was enthusiastic in her encomiums of the “Dairyman’s Daughter.” They gave me many tracts in the French and Portuguese languages and several New Testaments in the same tongue. This comes most opportunely, for my weekly distribution among the shipping and in the hospital has nearly exhausted my stock, and the supplies granted in New York to California and other *long-voyage* vessels are many times my only resource. I rejoiced in my treasures, and went on my way distributing them through the harbor. No one knows with what avidity in this far off foreign land the sailor seizes a book printed in his mother tongue. A few days since I visited a large French liner, and all from the Captain down to the cabin boy gladly accepted the little messengers. Met with the Custom House guard, who was placed upon the “Rebecca” when I arrived here a year and a half ago. I gave him a Portuguese Testament and some tracts in the same language. He was very grateful and listened with seriousness when I told him that that book contained the history of *Nosso Senhor Jesus Christo*.

PREACHING ON THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR “JAMESTOWN.”

August 14. Had an appointment

to preach on board the United States sloop of war “Jamestown.” At 9 o’clock one of her boats with a midshipman came for me. Took with me a large bundle of tracts and papers for the sailors. The day was lovely, and the full deck of this beautiful vessel encouraged the preacher.—Never have I had better attention as I discoursed on “God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.” Several merchant captains and their wives were present. There are a few souls aboard the Jamestown enrolled under the banner of the cross, and with them, on Wednesday nights, a few faithful in Rio de Janeiro send up prayers to the throne of grace. I do not mean that they meet together for this purpose, but they have an hour agreed upon, and one little band on the land and the other on the water, pray for each other’s spiritual welfare. The officers and men of the Jamestown took up a collection to reimburse me for affording money to a poor sick American, who went home to die in his mother’s arms. Poor fellow! he reached his native land, and three weeks after his arrival that fond mother closed his eyes in death. But it was “asleep in Jesus,” and I feel humbly grateful that God made me the instrument of bringing him to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ.

PREACHING ON A MERCHANT VESSEL.

At 2 o’clock P. M., was furnished with the Captain’s boat, and was rowed by a fine crew of twelve or fourteen men, to whom, as we sped our way to the anchorage of merchantmen, I read extracts from the “Sailor’s Magazine.” We stopped for a few moments at the “Red Stairs” where the new American Consul, Robert G. Scott, Esq., of Richmond,



Va., joined us. We soon reached the "G." a beautiful barque whose Captain was flatly opposed to the cause of preaching Christ to them who go down to the sea in ships, yet who so far repented that he came afterwards, of his own accord and offered me his vessel as a floating Bethel. I rejoiced in this occasion to present the bethel cause: 1. *What it has done*; 2. *What it is actually accomplishing*, and 3. *It is most worthy of encouragement from all men, and especially from Captains.* The Lord gave me great freedom of utterance, and for one hour I had the undivided attention of both Captains and men, of whom there were a goodly number, who sail both under the Stars and Stripes, and the Cross of St. George,

Tuesday, Aug. 16. In the city to-day. Saw Capt. L. of the M. who is just *en route* for New York after a quick voyage to Australia. When I conversed with him on the affairs of his soul he wept like a child. He has visited Rio six times since my residence here, and though not a religious man, has always shown a deep interest in the bethel cause here.—The first voyage that he made to Rio after my arrival, his wife, a pious member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was with him, and he has determined never to go to sea again without her influence to be near him, and he firmly believes that he has been only kept from perdition, by the goodness of God in hearing the prayers of others in his behalf.

RELIGION MAKES MEN BETTER, THE ASSISTANT STEWARD.

In crossing the Palace Square he narrated to me the following: "When you saw me here in February I had a black assistant steward whose conduct was so outrageous that I had a

good mind to drop him here. But I concluded to keep him. I gave him a most severe talking, and had scarcely anything to do with him; in short, I saw but little of him for a long time. At length I was attracted by his neatness, cleanliness and steadiness. What's got into the boy, thought I to myself. I began to watch him. I found him going into the cabin oftener than I wished. I did not like that. One day I went down unexpectedly, and lo and behold, I found him in an out-of-the-way corner, *down on his knees praying.* I believe he was converted by the grace of God. There had been no one to talk with him, he could not read, and God must have done it. It changed the whole course of his life. He instantly set about learning to read and was faithful to me. At Melbourne, where sailors were daily deserting ships to go to the mines, where even my second mate stole a boat and ran away, this boy stuck to the ship, and was a pattern of goodness, obedience and fidelity until we were on our return.

HOW EASILY MUCH GOOD CAN BE DESTROYED.

"At Melbourne, an individual who was represented to me as a gentleman, took passage with me for the United States. He was a fanatical, misdirected philanthropist. By his conduct and conversation he spoiled the black, puffed him up, made him disobedient, neglectful of his duty, and even insolent, and I was obliged to punish him. And now he is so different from what he was that I think I must part with him, and I shall leave the passenger here also."

Verily (after hearing this,) thought I, how much harm misdirected zeal can do. If that passenger had been as zealous for Christ as he was for

his "*hobby*" he would have made that new-born soul grow in grace, instead of being the means of dwarfing it. I learned, however, some days after that there was a change for the better in the black as soon as the passenger was dismissed from the ship.

#### CONVICTIONS OF SIN IN A CAPTAIN.

Some evenings after this conversation with Captain ———, I was on my way from the heart of the city to my residence (about two miles distant). The Captain walked with me to the omnibus talking about the concerns of his soul. He was laboring under a burden. He felt himself a great sinner, and especially, recently he had been unable to read his Bible and to pray. I pointed him to Christ who could remove that burden; and made him promise me that he would read the 51st Psalm and the 15th chapter of Luke before retiring that night; and besought him to throw himself with confidence entirely on the mercy of the ever-blessed God.— He acknowledged again that it had only been the withholding grace of God that had kept him from being the vilest wretch that ever lived. When we arrived at the omnibus, I observed that he had the intention to accompany me. I begged him not to, as he would, at that hour of the night, have no means of returning. He was not deterred, but drawing me aside for a moment said to me, "I thought that I could do nothing better than go up with you and have you pray with me." My heart leapt for joy. Distance and darkness in a strange city were no obstacles to him. He longed for the marvellous light which is in Christ Jesus. At my house we read the scriptures together, and I expounded them, and then we knelt, and I implored God's blessing on that poor sin-sick soul. May the

Lord answer that prayer and the prayers of others, linked closely to him by ties of affection, be answered in the baptism of the Holy Ghost upon that noble hearted man.

#### THE LAD WHO PRAYED.

Before he departed, my little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy (two years of age,) entered the room to say his prayers by his papa before he retired to bed. I spoke of the importance of early teaching children to pray, and the lastingness of such impressions and instructions. "Ah yes, I know it well," he said, "no one has better cause than I to acknowledge that fact. I had an aunt who was a woman of such sweet piety, and withal, so consistent in her daily life and conversation, that she had the greatest influence upon me. I left home. I became a wild fore-castle sailor and was fast driving to destruction. After two or three long years I returned to my native land. I paid a visit to that aunt. At this time my principles and conduct were horrid, but I was not lectured and "hailed over the coals" in any of your long-faced, hopeless manners, but was treated kindly and gently. That first night I occupied a bed with my cousin, a boy of 17. I bounced into bed at once, but the other lad knelt down and offered up the prayer which he had learned to lisp in infancy. When I heard "Our Father who art in heaven"—my heart was condemned. I looked upon myself, I examined my past conduct. I found myself a wretch, a vagabond, without principle. I wasn't decent. My thoughts were troubled. I pitched about the bed all night without sleep. While thus tossing I resolved to live a more moral life, and the effect of the sight of that praying lad was such that I became a reformed man; I rapidly advanced in posi-



tion, soon ran through second mate, first mate, to the station of Captain, and have been, I trust, a respectable creature in society since." Such was the influence of that mother, preaching through her praying son, and rescuing a young man from dissipation. We hope and pray that that Captain may be soon blessed by conversion, so that he may not only be a *moral* man, but *Jesus Christ's man*.

Sept. 29th. Twice during the past month I have had to suspend Bethel service on account of indisposition, but last Sunday the flag was again afloat. We had service on the magnificent clipper ship "Wizard" put in here for repairs. The audience was large, and most attentive, while I preached on "*the worth of the soul*." Many incidents of a pleasing character occur in my extensive "water-parish," but time would fail me to enumerate the kindness and little favors of Captains, and the gratitude of sailors on ship board and in the hospital, (which is now in most excellent condition). Keep me well supplied with tracts, for I have not only to distribute to Americans but to English, French, German, Swedish, Danish, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian sailors.

#### THE PAST YEAR.

I cannot look back upon the past year without gratitude to God. Have only been prevented twice by sickness from preaching, and have had the glorious privilege of seeing some souls turn from death unto life, and have also had the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the triumph of many who fell asleep in Jesus. Sad too are the reflections, that many others have gone down to a dark eternity. Oh, that men would be wise and follow on to know the Lord! I cannot conclude without also stating

that the Bethel cause has gained ground in Rio, and that the servant of the Lord, has now three times the influence that he had one year ago.—To God be the praise.

J. C. FLETCHER, Am. S. C.

### ADDRESS,

*Occasioned by the death of Capt. Benjamin, late of Fair Haven, Conn., March 5, 1853.*

BY REV. B. HART, PASTOR.

The year 1848 is one which will long be remembered in the history of this church, in the religious history of this village. It was a season of the remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Hundreds were awakened to a sense of their condition as sinners. Solemnity pervaded the entire community. Great numbers were hopefully brought into the fold of Christ. The first persons who were awakened and converted were a mother and her eldest son. The husband was at sea. In his home the family altar was built up; and around that altar fervent prayers ascended to God that the absent husband and father might be led to the same Savior whom they had found. God heard those prayers. While that ship pursued her trackless way over the seas there was one heart within it that was troubled by a sense of sin and the need of Christ. In all that voyage a new feeling followed him, and he seemed to be brought into the very presence of God. He reached, at length, a port of his native land, hastened home and was greeted with strange, blessed tidings—that his family were rejoicing in the hopes of the Gospel. That was enough. He sunk on his knees before God, gave himself to Christ, rejoiced in the Saviour. That man was Capt. Benjamin.

In his journal he gives a particular

account of these events. "Before I had reached home," he says, "there had been a spark of grace enkindled within me: I began to see myself an awful sinner. I do not say but that I could have concealed this feeling on my return, had I found my family as I left them: but Oh! the finger of God had been there and awakened in them true knowledge of their condition, and when I met with my companion, her first exclamation was that she had found the Pearl of great price. My eldest son had also given himself up to God in humiliation, and they had both mingled their prayers together for the conversion of a father and a husband. Could I do less than fall on the bended knees of my soul and cry aloud, God have mercy on me a sinner?"

Having trusted in the Saviour, having taken him as his Saviour, he at once began to serve him. He did not doubt and hesitate as many do: but with his whole heart entered upon the service of Christ. At a proper time he publicly united himself to the people of God, professing his faith and entering into solemn covenant with God and his people. This was about one year from the time of his conversion, when he happened to have a Sabbath at home, between his voyages. On the same day he brought his children to the altar and gave them up to the Lord in the sacrament of Baptism. Capt. Benjamin was blessed with a pious mother, who had early given him up to the Lord in this way, and who had ever followed her sea-faring son with her prayers. He knew how to prize the covenant which God has made with believers for themselves and their offspring and joyfully recognized his relation to it as the head of a household. In his journal, to which I have referred, he makes frequent mention of his mother. He

writes, "In the days of my youth, the siren pleasure would sometimes invite me to the haunts of vanity and sin: yet often she tempted in vain. *I thought of a mother's prayers.*" "How sweet," he adds, in beautiful language, "How sweet is the memory of a mother's love! The heart may be saddened by care, and the eye may be dimmed by sorrow; but the dear remembrance of those bygone days when the fostering wing of maternal tenderness sheltered from the storms of life, will drive away the evil spirit of melancholy and lull the soul to peace. Happy are they, who, as they read upon the tablets of memory the records of a mother's tenderness, can see inscribed upon the same tablets her heart-felt blessings and her holy *prayers!* Other incidents of that early age, when infancy merges into playful childhood, have passed away like a forgotten dream; but not the blessed moments when a now sainted mother knelt with her child, before the throne of grace, and prayed with a mother's melting fervency that he might become one of the lambs which nestle in the bosom of Jesus." That mother's prayers he never forgot, and God never forgot. In the midnight watch, when amidst the solemn silence of the ocean, he was left alone, there came into his ear the breathings of those prayers and he thought of his mother's God. When exposed to the temptations and vices of foreign ports, they were still with him, as strong restraints from the ways of evil. God answered those prayers—and now that mother and her son adore together the grace and mercy which have united them in heaven. Capt. Benjamin loved the family altar. He delighted on his return to his home to kneel in the midst of his family and pour out his thanks to God for his fatherly care, protec-



tion and love. He loved the Bible. That was to him the word God. On his last voyage he took that book with him, saying that he should probably have no time to read any other. He loved the prayer meetings of the church. When he came to spend a few days with us, one of his first inquiries was in regard to the prayer-meetings. And he was sure to attend them unless providentially detained. He loved the brethren. He enjoyed the preaching of the Gospel. Nor was his religion a mere garment which he wore about him at home. It was a principle within him, and wherever he went, it went. He was not one of those who are known as professors of religion only at the communion table; nor one of those who are known as christians only at home. I have never heard of his disgracing his calling in New York nor at the West Indies, at Boston or in the Mediterranean. What he was here with us, he was with the shipmasters in a home or a foreign port, with the planters by whose hospitality he was entertained, or among strangers into whose society he fell. He was known as a pious sea-captain. His ship was a Bethel. Before his voyages he went up to our religious arsenal and armed himself with *Tracts*. It was his custom to have daily prayers in his cabin which all on board were invited to attend. He often followed the reading of the Scriptures with some hearty remarks. On the Sabbath he was accustomed to have a kind of religious service on board which he conducted, if there was no one present more competent. He was the chaplain, as well as the captain, of his vessel. He always introduced himself to his men as one who had a personal interest in their salvation. Whatever their principles were, they knew him as a man of religious principle.

Of whatever nation they were, they knew that he belonged to the commonwealth of Israel. When he was at home the last time, he remarked that it was his invariable practice to converse early with each one of his men on the subject of personal religion. Some sea-captains tell us that they cannot get along with sailors without *swearing*. Capt. Benjamin never found such a necessity. He never cursed a human being. Instead of imprecating God's wrath upon his sailors, he daily supplicated God's blessing upon them. The consequences you can well imagine. Instead of the turbulence amidst which a violent, cursing shipmaster lives, everything was quiet and orderly on his vessel. If a man would fret and drink and make disturbance, Capt. Benjamin pleasantly, but plainly and strongly, told him what he expected; and told him that if he could not comply in a decent and manly way, to quit the vessel. He therefore, generally, had a cheerful and obedient crew, who respected and loved him. He esteemed the officers of his vessel, and they esteemed him. He delighted in their promotion and was always ready to do what he could for them. There are many masters and officers of vessels who once sailed with him, who will learn of his death with deep sorrow and will mourn that one who adorned their honorable and useful profession has so soon been called to the haven of everlasting rest. He had a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of all who go down to the sea in ships. He thought and prayed much for the conversion of seamen. In his private journal, which he says was written for his own amusement and to occupy his time, he writes, "I have probably had as little difficulty in getting along with seamen as any other master who has had command

as long as I have. I have always thought that good usage and good words, were a better remedy than passion, to cure evil. Thanks be to God that I have in almost all cases of disobedience been able to control my passions and not enter into violence with my fellow men. I was once a sailor myself, and have not forgotten the abuse I received from passionate officers. In my early life I made up my mind that should I ever become an officer, I would treat my fellow-companions with civility, and this rule I have always found a good one."—He speaks of the evils that beset sailors, intemperance, licentiousness, the many vices of the lands to which they go, and of the feeble influence of truth and good example over them. Yet he thinks that if masters of vessels would not treat them with so much rigor, but with more humanity, and especially if they would set them a good moral and christian example, a great change would be witnessed among them.—Capt. Benjamin's principles did not make him a less successful navigator than he would otherwise have been. He made many voyages to various parts of the world, and, during the twenty-six years of which he speaks, in his journal, without a single death on board of his vessels and without a single serious disaster. If he was not as successful in accumulating property as some, it was not on account of any want of skill or fidelity on his part. He had a contented mind which is a continual feast, and that wisdom which is more than great riches. Capt. Benjamin was a cheerful christian. He had given himself up to God and he had no fear but that he would do all things well. He did not begin the service of Christ with the idea of abandoning it. He did not commence religious duties, to

discontinue them after a season.—His family altar would never have crumbled down if he had lived to be four score years old. His place in the prayer-meeting would have been filled if all others had deserted theirs. He would have read the bible at the cost of persecution. In every land where his ship should anchor he would have acknowledged God. It is this continuance in well-doing, this persevering fidelity, which proves that he was a christian. I could not have spoken of him to-day as I have, had his practices been like those of many in the church. The man who begins well, but does not last well, the man who sets up the family altar, and then overturns it, and leaves its ruins upon his own hearth-stone, to the astonishment of his children and of strangers; the man who begins with praying with his brethren and leaves off with failing to meet with them; the man who at first carried his religion everywhere and at last carries it only to the communion table; the man who is a professor of religion because at a certain time he happened to make a profession; such a man is not fit to be a professor, and when he dies he will leave no satisfactory evidence behind him that he ever was a christian.

#### The Oldest Sea Captain Gone.

That venerable and excellent man, CAPT. ERASTUS PERKINS, whose birth day levees have been so generally attended by our citizens, died on Tuesday morning the 18th Oct. after an illness of only a few days. His age had reached the extraordinary figure of 101 years 8 months.

He was born on the Sabbath, Feb. 17, 1752, in Norwich, Ct. where he has passed most of his life. The facts which contribute a special interest to the life of Mr. Perkins, are the times in which he lived, the character he has exemplified, and the remarkable age to which his life was protracted.



The time of his birth dates back to the beginning of the fourth intercolonial war, in which the military talents of Washington, then a major in the Virginia militia, were first developed, eight years before the reign of George III. The year of his birth was the one in which the *new style* was introduced in Great Britain. About this time Franklin's discoveries in electricity were made. Our nation was then composed of isolated colonies under the British crown. These colonies then stretched only about a thousand miles along the Atlantic coast, while their inland extent was very limited. The population according to a return to the Board of Trade in the year 1754, amounted to 1,192,896 whites, and 292,738 blacks, making a total of 1,485,634 inhabitants. Mr. Perkins lived to witness the close of the old French war, the commencement, progress, and termination of the war of American Independence, the establishment of our national government, and the growth of our country from a population less than a million and a half to its present number. At every presidential election from the time of Washington to that of Gen. Taylor, he was present and deposited his vote. During the period he lived, he has marked the progress of our nation in territorial extension, in population, in the development of physical resources in the accumulation of wealth, in educational, humane, and religious institutions, and in the various elements of national greatness, till the small one has become a strong nation, whose voice of strength and arm of power are felt and acknowledged over the world. How rarely, if ever, has the history of one man's life-time chronicled such a series of events.

He entered, in his boyhood, the commercial service of the father of the late Gen. Jedediah Huntington. The first two years of the Revolutionary war he was attached to the regiment commanded by Gen., then Col. Huntington. Once he went on express from Gov. Trumbull to the Continental Congress, which was at the time a hazardous mission. The British having, then occupied New

York and much of the coast on Long Island Sound.

He was obliged to take a circuitous route on horse back through the north part of Connecticut, cross the Hudson and down through the hill country of New Jersey, to Philadelphia. He performed the journey and returned safely to Norwich in *forty days*. After the war he was more than twenty years engaged in navigation, and commanded a coasting vessel, running between Norwich and New York.—Between forty and fifty years he occupied the house where he died.

Some singular coincidences in his domestic history, to which he referred with interest, were the following. It has been stated his birthday was the Sabbath. That of his first son was also on the Sabbath, and his other children were born successively on each day of the week. Of five generations living a short time since, the birth of the first born of each generation was on the Sabbath, and each bore the same name, ERASTUS. He outlived all his children but two, though a numerous posterity, over one hundred and forty, remain to listen to the narrative of his long life, and cherish the memory of his virtues.

The uniform calmness of his temperament, the urbanity of his manners, his unwavering integrity, his conscientious regard for the Sabbath, his habitual attendance on the public worship of God, and his decided interest in whatever was intended to promote public virtue and prosperity, earned for him the esteem and confidence of a numerous acquaintance, who testified their regard for him by a spontaneous desire to "honor the face of the old man." As his mental vigor and well stored memory retained, to a remarkable degree, their strength to the last, it was pleasant and instructive to listen to his conversation, when he brought forth from his treasures of historic incident, facts of the olden time.

It has been said by Madame de Stael, that "it is difficult to grow old gracefully." There is sad truth in the remark. But in the case of the venerable patriarch, who is the sub-

ject of this notice, it will doubtless be conceded, that he was one who grew old gracefully. He did not lose his patience with the world, because he had been obliged to withdraw from participation in its active concerns.—He betrayed no petulant infirmity inciting him to withdraw to a hermitage of misanthropy. But though conscious of the aggression of physical ills, and the decay of some of his active powers and senses, he was patient, pleasant, resigned and cheerful.

As a professed disciple of Christ he maintained a deportment, marked with uniform consistency to the end. In the year 1834 he united by profession with the second Congregational Church, on the ordinances and ministrations of which he punctually and habitually attended. He loved the sanctuary; and after he was ninety-five years old you would see him on the Sabbath, in sunshine or storm, wending his way to the house of God. He was one that was planted in the house of the Lord, and "he brought forth fruit in old age." And after he could no longer attend the services of the sanctuary he retained his interest therein, and often availed himself of the proffered opportunity of hearing read to him one of the discourses preached by his pastor on the Sabbath. Thus to the last he cherished his deep sympathies with the devotions and ministrations of the house of prayer. His last sickness was short. His spirit had been disciplined, till it was ripe for heaven, and he went down to his grave exercised with little suffering, trustful and peaceful. His setting sun reflected a sweet and mellow light, as it sunk beneath a cloudless horizon to rise no more till the resurrection of the just.

"How pure

The grace the gentleness of virtuous age!  
Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead  
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,  
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—  
The good old man is honored and revered,  
And breathes upon the young imbed race around,  
A gray and venerable charm of years." B.

—*Norwich Examiner.*

The revolutions produced by genius in the world of thought, naturally end in actual revolution in society.

### Captain E. Knight.

The following letters were written by one of the pastors in San Francisco to one of the editors of the Independent.

We heartily join in the lamentations at the death of such a man.—The commercial world have lost an energetic agent; the sailor a warm friend; the church a living christian; but heaven has gained a redeemed one.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 1, 1853.

By the steamer which leaves to-day Capt. E. Knight, late Agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, takes his departure with his family for the Atlantic States. If we were not aware that there is some prospect of his return to this State, we should part with him with unfeigned sorrow. It is not the pleasure and comfort the traveling public have derived from his management of the Company's fine fleet of steamers that we would particularly speak of,—though the superiority of the Pacific over the Atlantic part of the route to California has become proverbial during his administration,—but it is of the moral influence of the man, and through him, of the Company, of which we would make honorable mention. The position which Capt. Knight has held for three years, has been one of great prominence and importance. And every good citizen in the State will say *that he has filled it as a good man should.* I write this principally because so few men, so very few, who have filled positions of prominence and influence here, have maintained a character which has been either to our honor or advantage.

From the commencement of Capt. Knight's agency, the departure of the steamers on the Sabbath has been stopped—the office has been closed, and it has been the habit of those there employed to attend public worship. And the captain himself has been a conspicuous friend of good order, and a liberal supporter of Christian institutions, and a friend



and advocate of temperance and sound morals.

To say all this of such a man as you know Capt. Knight to be may seem superfluous to you. But it would not so seem had you lived this side the Stony Mountains for the last five years. We that have, have learned to set a new value on good character that does not waver. And could we get the ear of President Pierce but for one moment, among all the things we would like to say to him, we would suggest that he should give particular attention to the importance of sound character in those men whom he appoints to offices of honor and influence in a new country like this!

Capt. Knight leaves more friends in California than he himself knows of, who regret his departure, and who will be made doubly glad if they may hereafter know of his return.

The same envelope which contained the above, brought also a later note, giving a brief account of his sickness and death. Although hastily written, and for private reading, there are thousands, here, and abroad, who will feel a most melancholy interest in the facts, and we shall therefore take the liberty of publishing it:

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 15, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—Two weeks ago I wrote the accompanying note, intending to send it by the mail with which Capt. Knight intended to leave. When the mail left, he was unwell, and I reserved it, thinking to send it by the steamer to-morrow. I will send it but I do it in sorrow and tears. Capt. Knight, a dear friend of ours, and of yours also, *is no more* among us here on earth. His illness was short. He suffered much pain for several days, and great anxiety was felt by his friends until Friday, when the remedies seemed to have produced the desired effect, and the alarming symptoms subsided. Saturday he was easier, and likewise on Sunday, the 9th. During the night following the pain again returned in his right lung, or in the pleura, with some pneumonia. Monday was a distress-

ed day; remedies were of no avail.—The disease grasped him and there was no relenting. Hope of his recovery soon fled. It was a time of agony. His mind was still more wandering than ever. He recognized his friends, but his talk was incoherent. Two things characterized him: anxiety to get away from that place of confinement, and affection for his friends, present and absent.—To hold some one by the hand seemed the link that bound him to consciousness.

Anxiously we watched his painful breathing, and hoped for some change for the better. Night wore away, and change came for the worse; he was sinking fast. Morning came, but ere the world awakened, was astir, he had left us, and but the poor remnant of our beloved friend's earthly tenement lay before us. It was Tuesday morning, Oct. 11, that he died, aged 42 years and 3 months.

Dark and mysterious Providence for us and for the world, that a light so bright should go out so soon!

Never, *never* did a company, like the P. M. S. Co., find a more faithful and devoted agent. He entered into their arduous, perplexing, varied and difficult service with a self-commitment that is rare, even with conscientious men. But for a man to occupy that position to the entire satisfaction of the community here, and at the same time of a New York board, is manifestly impossible. The two points of view are very different. My firm conviction is that his over-anxiety to please all with whom he had officially to do, wore upon his health materially for months past.

Before our lamented friend had breathed his last, his successor in the agency had advertised the sailing of the Company's ship *Golden Gate* on *Sunday*, it being the 16th inst!—Three great ocean steamers leave here next Sunday! Express men, post-office men, letter-writers, newspapers, passengers, and people generally will be attracted or obliged to be about secular employments! Of such portent are the auspices now.—From men we turn to the Lord to defend the cause of right and rescue his Day from desecration!

If there is any influence that can reach those companies in New York that control our Sabbaths here, may it be used to secure to us *one* day of rest in seven, from the service of Mammon.

Our precious friend, who has stood for the sacredness and rest of that day as firm as the hills—his spirit is with his Saviour, his body in its long home, and his place evermore vacant here!

The whole city of San Francisco was in mourning for his death.

A meeting of merchants, bankers, shipmasters and others was held at the Merchants' Exchange in San Francisco (Oct. 12) to express their regret at the death of the late Captain Knight, and the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

*Whereas*, Our esteemed fellow citizen, Capt. E. Knight, late agent of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., by a dispensation of Divine Providence has been suddenly stricken down in the flower of his manhood, and the prime of his usefulness; and whereas it is eminently proper, when a distinguished citizen dies, that those who have known him best and honored him most, should testify their grief at his loss—

Therefore, we, the merchants, bankers, and other citizens of San Francisco, in public meeting assembled, do resolve as follows, to wit:

1st, That in the death of our departed friend our community has suffered an irreparable loss; and we, who have known him intimately in his business and social relations, have been bereft of one of our most valued associates.

2d, *Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting, Capt. Knight combined in his character, in an eminent degree, those noble, manly qualities which entitled him not only to the respect and confidence, but to the affectionate regard of all who knew him best.—With a firm integrity of purpose, which never faltered, with a keen sense of honor which scorned an evasion, with a straight-forward honesty which resorted to no subterfuges, he combined a simplicity of heart and a frankness of demeanor, which commanded the respect, whilst it secured

the affectionate esteem of all with whom he was brought into contact. Scrupulously just in his business relations, generous almost to a fault, when his sympathies, were appealed to, gentle and confiding in his temper, and always ready to forgive a fault in others, he judged harshly only of his own imperfections.

3d, *Resolved*, That their are few of our prominent citizens who, in their official relations, and by private usefulness, have contributed more to promote the welfare of our city, while his obliging disposition, and desire to subserve the interests of the commercial community have stamped him as one of our most esteemed and valued citizens.

4th, *Resolved*, That we sympathize profoundly with the bereaved family of the deceased, and, as a token of our sympathy, the Secretary will transmit to Mrs. Knight a copy of these resolutions.

5th, *Resolved*, That the bankers and merchants here assembled will attend the funeral of our deceased friend to-morrow; and that publication of the proceedings of this meeting be made in the daily papers of this city.

The sympathy thus awakened and expressed on the Pacific coast, is no less profound and tender on the Atlantic; for we too have lost a "noble friend." We remember well how often and ardently he seconded the various efforts for the benefit of his sea-faring brethren; and the hearty pledge he gave with his parting hand that he would do what he could for them on the shores of the Pacific.—It gives us sincere pleasure to know and record the fulfilment of his pledge; particularly in promoting a proper observance of the Sabbath on the part of those in the employ of the Steam Ship Company he served.

Life is a wasting thing: its strength is not the strength of Stones; it is a candle that will burn out, if it is not first blown out.



### Remarkable Discovery of Murderers by Russian Sailors.

In the month of May, 1851, a schooner was despatched from the Russian village of Soroka, near the town of Kemi, on the White Sea, to Spitzbergen, with orders to remain the winter over in that island. The schooner was commanded by a captain named Ivan Goosdaroff, who had under him a mate named Jacob Isakoff, and seven sailors. Some time after the vessel had arrived at Spitzbergen, the mate and the greater number of the crew became desirous of returning home, and demanded that the captain should accede to their wishes, before winter set in. The captain, however, refused, telling them that they were bound to obey him and to fulfil the engagements they had entered into, and in consequence, the mate in particular, was very much incensed against him.

One day when the captain had gone on shore with two of the men, Ivan Sinej and Andrei Kuliken, to shoot wild fowl, it appears that the men remaining on board, having consulted with each other, had come to the determination of sailing away and leaving the captain and the two above named men to their fate; for when the captain, who was the first to give up the sport, came down to the sea-shore and called for a boat, a long time elapsed before his order was attended to. At length, however, the mate and a sailor, named Gregori, came with a boat, both having their guns with them. When the captain expressed his displeasure at their want of promptitude in obeying his orders, the mate told him that unless he fired off his gun, he would not take him back in the boat.

The skipper complied, but instead of allowing him to get into the boat, the mate now ordered Gregori to shoot him down. Gregori immediately obeyed orders, but missed his aim, and the captain was about to fly, when the mate, rushing forward, caught him and held him fast. The skipper now implored the two men to spare his life, but finding them inex-

orable, he at length bared his breast, begging them not to torture him but to put him to death at once. Unmoved by his submission, the mate fired and the captain fell, a ball having passed through his heart; and the murderers, taking his gun with them, hurried off to the ship, set sail, and directed their course homewards. From some heights behind the scene of action, the two men who had accompanied the captain on shore had been witnesses of the dreadful deed, and when they arrived on the beach, they found the skipper's corpse, which they buried on the spot. Ivan Sinej, who knew how to write, then immediately scratched on the stock of his gun, a succinct narrative of what had taken place, and also the name of the murderer. As they feared they might starve to death in that spot, the two men then went to a place 70 wersts from thence, where they hoped to meet with some of their country men; but when, after a most fatiguing journey, they had reached the spot, they found nothing but an empty hovel. As long as they had powder and shot they supported life with the game which they killed, but which they were obliged to eat raw, as they had no fuel wherewith to make a fire.

When their provision and ammunition was exhausted, nothing remained for them but to die. Andrei Kuliken died at the end of four weeks, and Ivan Sinej having recorded this event with the others on the stock of his gun, added that he also was very weak, and felt the approach of death, which probably ensued after a short time.—The murderer and his companions had in the meanwhile arrived at Berlevaag, in East Finmark, having, as they pretended, lost two of the crew on their way from Spitzbergen, and one man died after their arrival in Berlevaag, and was buried there.—Having hired two Norwegian sailors to make up for their loss, they proceeded to Vardo, where a Russian skipper allowed them to take two of his crew in lieu of the Norwegians, and with these they returned to Soroka. They reported that the captain and the rest of the crew had perished

on a whaling expedition at Spitzbergen, but as suspicions were entertained against them, they were placed under arrest. However, no evidence could at that time be brought against them, and they were therefore soon again liberated. But the crime was not long to remain unavenged.

In the month of March, last year, a vessel from Hammerfest, in Norway, happened to anchor at Spitzbergen, near the spot where Ivan Sinej and Andrej Kuliken died. The corpse of the latter was found outside the cabin, that of the former in the cabin, and at its side the gun with the portentous inscription. The Norwegians buried the corpses and carried away with them the gun, which on their return to Hammerfest was despatched by a Russian ship to Archangel, and delivered into the hands of the governor there. The murderers were in consequence immediately seized and examined. On seeing the tell-tale gun they at once confessed their guilt, and confirmed all the facts stated there, as far as they were acquainted with them.

They further confessed that as Gregori, who had at first fired at the captain, had subsequently laid claim to assume the chief command of the vessel, they had thrown him overboard, and that later still, when, during the course of their voyage, one of the other men expressed remorse at what had been done, they had also thrown him overboard, for fear of his betraying them. The man who died on their arrival at Berlevaag had also, in a manner, been put to death, for as he had expressed excessive joy at the thought of meeting countrymen on shore, they thought this portended evil, and availing themselves of his inordinate love of brandy, they induced him to drink to such an excess that he died in consequence.—*Daily News*.

### THE ONLY HOPE WE HAVE

A correspondent of the New London (Chester county) Day-Spring, relates the following impressive fact. We commend it to all who are opposed to the Maine Law, merely remarking

that, instead of sending their sons to Maine, every father should help to bring Maine into Pennsylvania, by voting for men who will enact a prohibitory law.

Rev. A. B. Cross, of Baltimore, in making some remarks, a few days since, in the Presbyterian Church at Oxford, in favor of the Maine Law, related the following true incident:

"I was standing," said he, "in the depot of the Philadelphia cars one day, when a gentleman who had once been Mayor of this city, accompanied by his family, among whom was a young man of some sixteen years, approached me in passing to the cars.

"Why, Mr. —," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"Well, we are here," he replied, "to see George (his son) off."

"Why, where is he going?" I asked.

"We are sending him to Maine," was the reply. "We are sending him to the State of Maine, in the hope—and as the only hope we have—of having him live and die a sober man! We think he may be saved."

"This man," Mr. Cross added, "ever had been, and was then, the uncompromising opponent of all the temperance organizations in existence."

"What a wayward thing is the human heart! This man into whose heart the arrow had been rudely and deeply driven—the loved and sacred home—his own home—had been ruthlessly invaded by the great destroyer. His deadly fangs were fastened on his darling son—his child of many hopes, and doubtless of tears, and it may be also of prayers; and daily they marked a downward step—saw all the loveliness of life dying out, his beauty fading and his strength withering up before their eyes, and still with a madness—a fatality I might call it, incomprehensible to other men, he assailed, with all possible bitterness of speech and ferocity, every institution and association that has for its express object the suppression of every evil under which he groaned—the rescue of just such unfortunate men as his son.



And, yet, with this hostility in heart, even while burning curses on such enactments as the Maine Law were trembling on his tongue, with his opposition unsilenced; his great love for his son, and his great agony at witnessing his downward career, compels him to draw aid from a source he loathed, and by that act proclaim to the world in tones louder than ten thousand eloquent tongues could utter, the use and the blessedness of prohibitory laws; and doubtless now, that son, in the far-off State of Maine, removed from the temptation of his besetting sin, is rejoicing in a new life, and revelling in all the power of youthful enthusiasm in his sudden and glorious freedom.

#### Loss of Ship Citizen of New Bedford.

Of the numerous fleet of whale ships that cruised in the Arctic in 1852, we believe the Citizen, of New Bedford, was the only one not reported as having visited some port, or known to have been lost. For the past six months, or since news from the different ports visited by whalers had been received, fears were entertained for the fate of this ship, which, unfortunately, had been confirmed by the arrival of the Wm. Tell, Capt. Taber, from the Arctic, on board of which ship are two of the crew of the Citizen. From one of these, Joseph Mears of Philadelphia, the following particulars have been obtained.

On the 25th of Sept., 1852, the Citizen had been lying to in a heavy gale for four days. Having been without observations, her position was not exactly known; and during the night of that day it was found she was getting into shoal water, when the ship was immediately put about and sail made upon her. Before she could accomplish this, however, she struck upon a sand beach, about north latitude 67°, when her masts were immediately cut away. A heavy sea soon after struck the ship, and carried away her poop-deck aft, making her a perfect wreck.

Being too rough for boats to live,

the crew succeeded in getting ashore on spars, &c. with the exception of four Portuguese and one American, Charles L. Heath of Philadelphia.—These were drowned in the attempt to reach the shore. The morning dawned upon a bleak and uninhabited shore, and found them in circumstances of peril, which required strong nerves to encounter. During the day a small quantity of provisions were washed ashore which were carefully rolled up on the beach. The next endeavor of the shipwrecked men was to find inhabitants, and a shelter from the bleak winds and intense cold, which would soon have cut them off, without protection.

After a little exploration two natives were discovered, who were friendly, and these they accompanied to the nearest village, which was about 15 miles distant. Here they were received with the kindest attentions, and every thing done for their comfort which the circumstances of the natives allowed. Sledges were despatched for the provisions saved, which were safely housed. The crew were provided for in the native huts, and furnished with skins, without which, during the winter, they would have perished. The provisions saved from the wreck subsisted the crew for about six months, after which time, for two or three months, they were furnished by the natives with fish, whales' blubber, walrus flesh, &c. For more than two months entire darkness reigned, and the cold was most intense. An American and a Hawaiian were frozen to death during the winter.

The settlement consisted of fifteen huts, and a population of about fifty persons, all of whom seemed to feel a responsibility for the safe-keeping of their guests, and apprehensive that if any of them should be lost, the American government would punish them for their neglect. This apprehension led them to impose some restraint upon the crew, who did not understand as well as they the danger of exposure to the cold, or the hazard they would run in attempting to reach the East Cape, which some of them had an idea of

undertaking, when their provisions failed.

From February to April, different parties left for the Cape, about two hundred and twenty-five miles distant. They traveled on the ice, and wherever they found natives, they received the same kindness and hospitality as at the first village. This journey was performed with much suffering. Failing of native huts, they were sometimes compelled to sleep upon the ice, and almost perished.

The last party reached the Cape settlement about the middle of June, and on the 2d of July, the thrilling cry of sail—O! greeted their ears. This proved to be the Bremen ship Joseph Hayder, Capt. Goosman, who had heard of their wreck and was in search of them. The shipwrecked men were immediately taken on board, and every attention shown them. From this ship they were scattered among the fleet, and some of them have already arrived here, as stated above. Capt. Norton is on board the Helen Augusta, and is soon expected at this port, upon whose arrival we may be able to procure more details in regard to his disaster.

The Citizen was of four hundred and sixty-four tons, and owned in New Bedford, by I. Howland Jr. & Co. She had between two and three thousand barrels of oil on board, with a fair prospect of filling up, had she not met with this disaster.

It is reported that after the gale in September abated, there was a season of fine weather, and whales innumerable abounded. As winter approached, immense numbers were seen heading southward, and going through the Straits into the open sea. The Arctic appeared to be frozen over, with the exception of holes here and there, and from the observations made, it seems to be established that the whales do not winter in the Arctic, but seek a milder temperature in the open sea outside the Straits.

In view of the kindness shown to these shipwrecked men by the natives, when entirely within their

power, we cannot forbear an expression of the opinion that their conduct richly merits a substantial acknowledgment by the American government. A few hundred dollars, in the form of blankets, thick clothing, &c., would reward them for the past, and might secure to future shipwrecked crews attentions and aid that would sustain their lives and restore them to their country.—*Polynesian.*

### Washington's Charmed Life.

Of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed (in Braddock's action,) among them Sir Peter Hallet, and thirty-seven were wounded, including Gen. Gage, and other field officers. Braddock braved every danger.

His secretary was shot dead. Both his English aids were disabled early in the engagement, leaving the American alone to distribute his orders.—“I expected every moment,” said one whose eye was on Washington, “to see him fall. Nothing but the superintendent care of Providence could have saved him. An Indian chief—I suppose a Shawnee—singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors to do the same. Two horses were killed under him—four balls penetrated his coat.” “Some potent Manitou guards him now!” exclaimed the savages. “Death,” wrote Washington, “was levelling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensation of Providence I have been protected.”—“To the public,” said Davies, a learned divine, in the following month, “I point out that heroic youth, whom I can but hope Providence has preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country.”—“Who is Mr. Washington?” asked Lord Halifax a few months later. “I know nothing of him,” he added, “but they say he behaved in Braddock's action as bravely as if he really loved the whistling of bullets.”—*Bancroft's Am. Rev.*

Never refuse to hear the truth of a proposition because you disbelieve it.



# NAVAL JOURNAL.

---

## THE GREAT REPUBLIC.

This largest ship in the world, this wonderful piece of naval architecture, which has just made its appearance in our harbor, was designed, built, and is owned by Donald McKay, Esq., of Boston. The discovery of California gold, and the rush of emigrants to that land, and the consequent urgent demands for supplies, have called into existence fleets of clipper ships, eight of which, had been built by Mr. McKay, before he designed the Great Republic.

They were the Flying Cloud, Flying Fish, Sovereign of the Seas, Bald Eagle, Empress of the Sea, Staghound, Westward Ho, and Staffordshire. The Flying Cloud he built on his own account. She was 1,700 tons register; made the quickest passage from New York to San Francisco on record, in 98 days, ran in 24 consecutive hours, 374 geographical miles. Not satisfied with this triumph, he determined to build a larger clipper that would outsail the Flying Cloud. He next designed the Sovereign of the Seas, a ship of 2,400 tons, "then the largest, longest and sharpest merchant ship in the world." She was so large, and the plan of her seemed so dubious and utopian, that no merchant would invest in her. "Mr. McKay embarked all he was worth in her," turned

merchant and freighted her himself. She *did* out-sail the Flying Cloud.—Although her passage to San Francisco was longer, "she sailed in 24 consecutive hours, 430 geographical miles, 56 miles more than the greatest run of the Flying Cloud, and in ten consecutive days she ran 3,144 miles." "In eleven months her gross earnings amounted to \$200,000," when he sold her on his own terms.

In these enterprises, "experience had shown, that the passage to California had been lengthened by the tremendous westerly gales in the vicinity of Cape Horn, and that to combat them successfully, vessels of a still larger size and power were necessary.

He accordingly designed the Great Republic, a ship of 4,000 tons register, and full 6,000 tons storage capacity"; has built her and will sail her on his own account.

"She is 325 feet long 53 feet wide and her whole depth is 39 feet." She has four decks, is 8 feet between decks, except between her spar and upper decks which is 7 feet. She has four masts, the aft one is called the spanker mast. From her keel to the main truck is 250 feet. Few of the thousands who have visited her have left with any adequate idea of her enormous size.

A house 25 feet front, 50 feet deep, and four stories high is as large a ten-

ement as often meets the eye, in this city; a block of 13 such houses is a longer block than is often met with, and yet the hull of this monster ship occupies more space than a whole block of such dwellings. A 300 ton ship used to be considered a large craft; yet this ship will carry as much freight, and consequently displace as much water as a fleet of *twenty* such vessels.

Our forests could not furnish trees of sufficient size and length, to make her fore, or main, or mizen masts.—“They are built of hard pine, doweled and bolted together, and hooped over all with iron.” Her foremast is 44 inches in diameter and 130 feet long, mainmast 44 inches, and 131 feet, mizen, 40 inches and 122 feet. Her main yard is 28 inches in diameter and 120 feet long, is spliced in the middle, being formed of two of the longest pine trees. There has been used in her construction,

Of hard pine 1,500,000 feet.

Of white oak, 2,056 tons.

Of iron, 336 1-2 tons.

Of copper, exclusive of sheathing, 56 tons.

Canvas in a suit of sails, 15,653 yards.

Days' work on her hull 50,000.

Her crew is to consist of 100 men and 40 boys.

Notwithstanding her great size, she is one of the most beautiful models afloat. Her Figure-head is the head and beak of the Eagle. Her stern is ornamented with a spread eagle measuring *Thirty-six* feet from tip to tip of its wings.

Under her spar deck, in the stern and richly ornamented, is the spacious ladies' cabin with three large state rooms on either side, forward of this, the main cabin and eight state rooms; still forward, stewards' rooms,

officers' rooms, hospital, and rooms for the boys; a good arrangement to keep the boys from the fore-castle and under the eye of the officers. She has also, we are happy to see, a fine spacious and airy fore-castle, the men are to be lodged in hammocks, like a ship of war. She has three houses on the spar deck, in one of which is a steam engine of 15 horse power, to do the hard work of the ship, such as pumping, working the fire engine, hoisting topsails, taking in and discharging cargo. With it also is connected a distillery, not of ardent spirits but of sea water into good fresh water; no doubt she will be a temperance ship. The engine can be shipped into a huge long boat constructed as a propeller, to be used in calm latitudes for towing the ship. An admirable Yankee contrivance, truly, to help Jack out of the doldrums.—We suppose too, it can be used as a lighter to load and unload in ports where there are no wharves.

In one of the houses is a library for the men containing over one thousand volumes of profitable books, and connected with it a teacher for the boys.

In the construction and arrangement of this noble ship there is evidently an eye to the comfort and improvement of the men, which we are most happy to note and commend.—She is to be commanded by Capt. L. McKay, a brother, we believe, of the builder. We bespeak for her a good crew who shall look well to the interests and honor of the Great Republic.

### DISASTERS.

New schr. Arkansas, Verrill, cap-sized near Mount Desert, was towed into S. W. Harbor next day, but went ashore immediately after, and went to pieces in a heavy Southerly gale.—



Three of her crew were drowned when she was capsized.

The brig *Peconic*, Pash, hence, was ashore at Manzanilla on her beam ends, full of water.

Clipper ship *Eclipse*, lost near Ipala, was a splendid vessel of 1,200 tons, built at Williamsburg in 1850, owned by Thos. Wardle, Captain Hamilton and others.

A letter received in New-Bedford, reports the loss of ship *Antarctic*, of that port, in April last, near Chatham Island, and the mate and one of the crew.

Schr. James H. Braine, of Yarmouth, N. S., from West Indies, ashore at Absecomb Beach, New-Jersey, is nearly a total wreck.

Ship *Clara Ann*, at New-Orleans 28th Oct., from Cardiff, Wales, reports: 4th Oct., fell in with and picked up five men—the first mate and four of the crew of the British ship *Liverpool*, Capt. Williams, from Shields, Eng., bound to New-York, loaded with coal, which vessel foundered and sunk, carrying down with her Capt. Williams, wife, one lady passenger, and thirteen men. The mate and four men were taken to New-Orleans by the *C. A.*

Ship *Citizens* of New-Bedford, was wrecked about 14th Oct., 300 miles to the Northward of East Cape; six of her crew were lost.

Ship *Hampden*, at this port from Hamburg, reports: Oct. 18th, saw brig *Clearance*, of St. John, N. B., lumber loaded, waterlogged and abandoned; was dismantled and had lost her rudder.

Schr. *Invincible*, at Humboldt Bay, Oct.—from Crescent City, reports the schr. *Pomona*, from San Francisco, having gone ashore while lying at anchor at that place on the 10th Oct., the rollers having broken over the reef and vessels. The *Pomona* would be a total loss.

Brig *Sarah Vose*, at Philadelphia 3d inst., from Fall River, reports: At the Delaware Breakwater, brig *Friendship*, from Jacksonville for New-York having on board the captain and crew of brig *Melissa Ann*, also from Jack-

sonville for New-York, which vessel was capsized during a N. N. E. gale 17th Oct.

Brig *Oxford*, from Havana for Sierra Morena, struck on a rock near Cayo La Cruz del Padre, about 24 miles from Cardenas, night of the 23d Oct., while in charge of a pilot, and will be a total loss.

Barque *Reform*, of and from Bremen for Galveston, was totally lost 25th Oct., on the Real de los Catalanes, to windward of Nuevitas. Passengers, officers and crew, in all 94 persons, including women and children, were taken to Havana.

Barque *Amelia*, at this port from Pensacola, reports: 27th Oct., saw the wreck of brig *Mary Hart*, of Baltimore, dismantled, with sails lying on deck in good order.

Steamer *Marion*, hence at Charleston, passed 31st Oct., 12 miles S. W. of Frying Pan Shoals, schr. *Citizen*, of Portland, abandoned, with foremast gone and full of water.

Schr. James G. King, from Savannah 26th Oct., for this port, was capsized, no date, and fallen in with in the latitude of Savannah, about 80 miles off shore, by schr. *Henry Cole*, Hazleton, who took off four of the crew and brought them to Delaware Breakwater. Captain Wainwright was left on the wreck, it blowing a gale at the time. The *Henry Cole* lay to until next morning, when nothing was to be seen of the wreck.

Fishing schr. *Beverly*, Millet, of Marblehead, went ashore about 40 miles from Halifax, in the gale of 24th Oct., and would probably be a total loss.

Brig G. S. Abbott, at Charleston 20th Nov. from New-Orleans, fell in with on the 6th Nov., schr. *Jacob Longfellow*, of New-York, lumber loaded, colors half-mast, a candle burning on a table in the cabin, and full of water.

Fishing schr. *Oliver Burnham*, for Gloucester, was thrown on her beam ends when near Cashie's Ledge, in the gale of 25th Oct., and the captain and four men drowned. The vessel also lost mainmast and all her sails

except jib. She was taken in tow by another vessel and carried into Tremont, Mount Desert, Me.

Schr. Oscar Jones, Kelley, from Norfolk, Hampton Roads, 22d Oct., of and for New-Bedford, is supposed to have been wrecked in the gale of 25th ult. A wreck with "Osca" on the stern, and correspondingly in description with the O. J., was passed on the 4th Nov., by steamer James Adger.

The wreck of the John Ligure, of Richmond, Maine, dismasted and waterlogged, was passed 2d Nov.

Schr. Orlando, Pendleton, from Rondout for Dartmouth, was in contact 4th Nov., near Gull Island, Long Island Sound, with brig Eugene, Reed, from Lubec for New-York, and was so much injured that she soon after sunk. The crew saved themselves in the boat, and were taken on board the brig, having lost every thing but what they stood in.

Brig J. C. Fremont, (before reported) was passed 6th Nov., by brig Florence, at Halifax, waterlogged and abandoned.

Br. ship Lady Bulwer, Tobin, from New-York for Quebec, sprung a leak night of 9th Nov., off Moosepecca Island, and bore up for St. John, N. B.; but becoming unmanageable in consequence of the great amount of water in the hold, and it blowing a gale, the crew took to their boats, and the ship went down shortly after, in about 60 fathoms. The crew reached St. John, on the 16th.

Schr. Tionesta, hence for St. Augustine, Flor., was driven ashore on the beach off that place on the evening of the 11th Nov., during a strong gale from E.; vessel a total loss.

Barque Maryland, at Baltimore from Boston, reports 26th Nov., having fallen with schr. Bangor, of Searsport, from Rondout for Boston, having been dismasted on the evening of the 24th, off Chatham; took from her captain, mate and a seaman, and left her in a sinking condition.

Barque Hyperion, hence Oct. 22d for Kingston, Jamaica, sunk at sea

when two days out from this port, carrying down with her Capt. Perkins, the two mates and three seamen. The remaining six seamen, after having been twelve hours in an open boat, were picked up by brig Crocus, Reed, from Boston, which vessel carried them to Cardenas, where they arrived 9th Nov.

Advices by telegraph received at Montreal 14th Nov., state that brig Victor, King, from Montreal for Halifax, has been lost at White Head, near Canso; also that the brig Amethyst, Crouch, from Sydney for Quebec, has been wrecked at Metis.

Ship Maine, from Liverpool for Bath, cargo iron and salt, struck on Pond Island Bar, at the mouth of Kennebec River, 9 A. M. 19th Nov. She bilged, and at low water fell on her beam ends, and will probably be a total loss.

Schr. D. B. Deagle, for Prince Edward Island from Boston, with 20 passengers, was driven ashore at Lawrencetown, in a S. E. gale 21st Nov.; crew, passengers, and part of cargo saved; vessel a total wreck.

Steamer Bay State, on her passage from Fall River to New-York, at 2 A. M. 24th Nov., came in contact with the sloop Sylph, of Sag Harbor, between Saybrook and Falkland Island, sinking her instantly, and drowning two men.

Schr. John Tunis, Spear, of Rockland, Me., from New-York, bound to Gardner, Me., was dismasted in Vineyard Sound night of 24th Nov., and by the shifting of her cargo filled with water and sunk.

Br. schr. Sylph, which sailed from Quebec for Ragged Island and Liverpool, N. S., on the 19th Nov., was wrecked off the West point of Anticosti about the 26th and every soul perished.

Brig Maria, from Mariel for Providence, put into Mantanzas 26th Nov., to land the master, and three seamen of schr. Mary, which left Sabine, Texas, Oct. 21, for Savannah and was lost at Anguilla Key.

Brig Ella, Harding, from Pictou of and for Bangor, went ashore night of

21st Nov., at Cape Canso; vessel total loss.

Telegraphic dispatches from Halifax, dated yesterday December 6th, report the steamer Humboldt, from Havre 23d ult. for this port, as having gone ashore while entering that port for a supply of coal, on a reef called the "Sisters." She was got off in a leaky condition, and had to be run ashore to prevent her sinking. It was feared that she would prove a total loss.

### NOTICE TO MARINERS.

**LIGHTHOUSE ON THE EASTERN ROCK, SOUTH COAST OF IRELAND.**—The Corporation for Preserving and Improving the Port of Dublin, hereby give notice that a Lighthouse has been erected on the Fastnet Rock, situate off the South Coast of the County of Cork, from which a Revolving Light will be exhibited on the evening of the 1st of January, 1854, and thereafter will be lighted during every night from sunset to sunrise. The Light House Tower is erected on the summit of the Fastnet (or Fastness) Rock, in lat.  $50^{\circ} 23' 18''$  N., and lon.  $9^{\circ} 36' 25''$  W. The Tower is circular, 92 feet in height from its base to the top of the ball over dome, and will, at midnight, be marked by one horizontal belt, colored red. On and after exhibition of the light on Fastnet Rock, the light heretofore shown from the Cape Clear Lighthouse will be discontinued.

**SANTO DOMINGO LIGHT, DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.**—A fixed white light was exhibited on the 14th August last, and on each succeeding day from sunset to sunrise, from the iron framework tower recently erected, by order of the Dominican Government, on the Bastion of San Jose, at the City of Santo Domingo. The tower is situated in lat.  $18^{\circ} 28' 05''$  N., lon.  $69^{\circ} 52' 39''$  West of Greenwich. The columns of the tower are painted white, and the cornices red and blue. Commanders of vessels approaching Santo Domingo Roads from the eastward, should remember that, having doubled Punta Causedo, the light will

be seen over the land a little to the northward of Punta Torcello, and that from this point (from which the light bears N.,  $58^{\circ}$  W. distant 1,423 yards) a short reef extends south westward, which should be guarded against, and which may be known when there is any sea on by the breakers upon it.

**LIGHT VESSEL ON THE COPPER GROUND, KATTEGAT.**—On the 24th September, in the present year, a Light Ship was placed on the Copper Ground, (Koppergrunden) in the Kattegat, in lat.  $57^{\circ} 8' 36''$  N., lon.  $11^{\circ} 20' 30''$  east of Greenwich. It shows three lights, consisting of 3 sidereal lanterns, of which two are placed on the aft part of the fore or highest mast, respectively 50 and 25 feet above the level of the sea, and the third on the fore part of the aft or shortest mast, 40 feet above the level of the sea. These lights will be lighted from half an hour after sunset until sunrise, and will be visible at a distance of two Danish or about nine English miles.

Official notice is given that four new lights have been established on the Coast of Cuba, as follows:

Light upon the Island of Salvora de Avora (Province of Pontevedra) to be displayed on and after the 19th October, from sunset to sunrise, upon the most salient Southern point of the island, situated in lat.  $42^{\circ} 27' 57''$  N. and lon.  $2^{\circ} 48' 7''$  W., from the meridian of the observatory of San Fernando. Apallatus, 4th class (catadioptrical) fixed light, varied with red scintillations—2 in each two minutes—90 feet (Burgeois) above the level of the sea (in English measure one-half less) tangent of view 10 miles and 4-10ths of a mile—more or less, conforming to the condition of the atmosphere.

Island of Arosa, to be displayed 19th October, situated lat.  $42^{\circ} 34' 8''$ , and lon.  $2^{\circ} 39' 42''$  same meridian—fixed light—above sea level 42 feet, tangent of view 7 1-10 miles, &c., as above.

On the Cies Islands, to be displayed same date, upon the center island on the coast of Faro or light mountain, being the most Southern point of the



same island, lat.  $42^{\circ} 12' 23''$  and lon.  $2^{\circ} 41' 50''$  same meridian. Apparatus 2d order, as above, eclipsing in alternate minutes—above sea level 650 feet, and tangent of view 31 miles.

Light of Castro Urdiales, Province of Santander, to be displayed from the same date, from the round tower S. E. of the castle of Santa Anna, which is above the level of the sea 52 feet, and 318 feet from the ridges of the Mount of Santa Anna, S. E., situated in lat.  $43^{\circ} 24' 10''$  N., lon.  $2^{\circ} 56' 10''$  E. of same meridian given above—fixed light varied with red scintillations—3 in 3 minutes, illuminating an arc of  $270^{\circ}$ , and elevated above the sea 148 feet, giving tangent of view miles, &c.

**NEW LIGHT-HOUSE, PORT PHILIP HEADS, AUSTRALIA.**

PORT AND HARBOR OFFICE,  
WILLIAMSTOWN, July 23, 1853.

Mariners are requested to take notice that, with a view to promote the safety of vessels which may be compelled to enter this harbor at night, an open framed wooden lighthouse is now being erected to eastward of the lighthouse on Shortland's Bluff.

This additional lighthouse, when completed, will exhibit a fixed red light.

The two lights, kept in one line of bearing, will lead vessels from outside the heads right in mid-channel, between Point Lonsdale and Point Nepean Reef.

Full particulars will be hereafter published when the lightning apparatus is ready for use.

CHAS. FERGUSON,  
Port and Harbor Master.

PORT AND HARBOR OFFICE,  
Williamston, July, 1853.

**FLOATING LIGHTSHIP, HOBSON'S BAY.**

On and after this date a floating light will be established at the north end of the west channel leading into Port Philip Bay, in the same position as that hitherto occupied by the North Fairway Buoy, which is now removed.

The lightship will exhibit, between sunset and sunrise, two (2) bright lights, twenty-four (24) feet apart, and fifty (50) feet above the level of the water.

These lights may be seen from all parts of the horizon, within the distance of nine (9) miles, in clear weather.

Vessels approaching the lightship by night or by day are warned to be cautious in avoiding collision.

The lightship is moored in four (4) fathoms at low water, with the following magnetic bearings:

Extreme point of Indented Head, N. W.  $\frac{1}{2}$  N.

Summit of Arthur's Seat, S. E. 1-2 E.

Extremity of Point Nepean, S. S. W. 1-2 W.

CHAS. FERGUSON,  
Port and Harbor Master.

The new Light-house at the West end of Ship Island, Mississippi, will be lighted on and after the 25th December. This is a fixed white light, 52 feet above low water, and has eleven 14 inch reflectors. With the eye at 10 ft. above water, it should be seen at a distance of about 13 3-4 miles. The tower is white. Its latitude is  $30^{\circ} 12' 55''$  North, longitude  $88^{\circ} 57' 1''$  West of Greenwich.

D. LEADBETTER, Capt. Eng.  
Inspector 8th L. H. District.

Official notice has been given that a new light has been placed on the island of Plana or Tabarca (Province of Alicante). On and after the 1st of January, 1854, a light will be displayed from sunset to sunrise in the new lighthouse, 210 feet (Burgos) on the Eastern end of the Island, 569 feet from the sea coast in a northern direction. This lighthouse is situated in latitude  $38^{\circ} 10' 13''$  N. and longitude  $5^{\circ} 45' 38''$  E. from the meridian of the observatory of San Fernando. Apparatus 3d class (catadioptrico) fixed light, with scintillations every two minutes; is 93 9-10 feet above the level of the sea; has a tangent view of  $10^{\circ}$  1-90 miles, more or less, according to the condition of the atmosphere.

## New York, January, 1854.

### NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

To all our friends, on the land and sea, we tender our cordial greetings. We congratulate you on all the good you have severally accomplished the past year. If you have made one child wiser, by teaching it the alphabet of its existence; one wanderer safe, by turning his feet into the path of life; one sad heart to sing, by opening to it a fountain of joy; or one dark valley lighter, by throwing into it a single ray of sunshine; you have not lived in vain. And how has the value of your life been enhanced, if you have thus taught, and reclaimed, and gladdened, and enlightened many? The world better, *decidedly better*, for having had your life prolonged through another year! If this is the case, the angels join in our congratulations.

And now, friends, here comes, 1854! a new figure to make, a new race to run, a new warfare to wage, and a new crown to win—the most important year you have ever seen, because life runs faster, and rolls out results more rapidly.

In the city of New York is the great Croton Reservoir, covering 35 acres, and receiving and containing 150 millions of gallons of water, after its race of 38 miles, from the Croton dam. So 1854 is the receptacle of

your current life, thus far. It is experience condensed; personal history epitomized; the energies of your character concentrated for all future action.

As the contents of the Reservoir are sent out in ten thousand pipes, to bless five hundred thousand people, and then fall into the sea; so your influence may flow the current year, and flow on till its last drop is lost in the ocean of eternity.

Let, then, 1854, be a year of *great activity* in doing good. "While some are striving how much they can *do*, let others strive how much they can *give* to the cause of Christ this year."

Let it be a year of great *spiritual attainments*.

Be sure and reach the highest summit of Christian excellence long before December. Are you on the sea? Don't fail of getting higher than the masthead daily. Are you on the land? Don't fail to look down on the top of Pisgah at each rising and setting sun. Thus, whether seaman or landsman, shall you have a *Happy New Year*.

"Come let us anew our journey pursue,

Roll round with the year,

And never stand still till the Master appear.

"O that each in the day of his coming may say,

I have fought my way through;

I have finished the work thou didst give me to do.



"O that each from the Lord may receive the  
glad word,

*Well and faithfully done:*

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my  
throne."

### SAILOR'S HOME N. YORK.

#### TEMPERANCE MEETING.

Another energetic temperance meeting filled the large Reading Room and Museum—a room 114 feet long by 40 wide—on Wednesday evening the 14th ult.

After the usual preliminary exercises and a few pertinent remarks by Capt. Tracy, the Superintendent, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Dikeman and Graham, and Captains McKay and Wardale.

Mr. Dikeman spoke on the importance of temperance to sailors, and of the usefulness of Sailor's Homes.

Mr. Graham dwelt more particularly on the physical evils to seamen from the use of intoxicating liquors, and enforced his sentiments by several appropriate illustrations.

Captain McKay, the commander of the Great Republic, now lying in the port of New-York, and the largest ship in the world, (see a description on another page in this Magazine) left the home of his early youth at the age of 13 for the sea. "Then," said he, "thirty years ago, I resolved never to drink intoxicating liquors. I was a poor boy; and for what I now am I am indebted to my temperance principles. At sea or on shore I never drank anything—not even tea or coffee—stronger than cold water. In whatever company, I have always, and promptly refused when invited to drink, and that without being found fault with. I always prize men the more for being strictly temperate. Such are my main reliance in emergencies in managing my ship." Capt. McKay expects to take with him to sea about 40 boys, some of whom

were present on this occasion. Leading the way to the table, where lay the book containing the temperance pledge, his boys followed him and signed it. He then promised each a gilt frame for his certificate of membership of the New-York Marine Temperance Society and that it should be hung up in the Ship's Library room.

Captain Wardale, now a merchant, connected with a line of packets, whose owners, masters, and part of whose officers are thoroughly temperate men, contrasted the ample and healthful accommodations of the Sailor's Home with the miserable dens of iniquity and filth, called Sailor boarding houses, when he first came to this city a sea-faring boy. He then hunted three days before he could find a decent house in which to put his head.

At the close of the meeting all the domestics in the Home, who had not previously entered their names, came forward and signed the pledge.

Captain McKay gave a free ticket with a cordial invitation to all present who desired it to visit his ship, and promised himself and others the satisfaction of attending the next temperance meeting, next week, at the Sailor's Home.

### THE OCEAN CEMETERY.

Between the 9th of Sept. and the 22nd of Nov. last, 44 packet-ships bound to New York, had 16,272 passengers on board. Of these 1,118 died on the passage, and were buried in the sea; a fearful increase of the number to be surrendered when the sea shall give up its dead!

The attention of the humane on both sides of the ocean should be called to an investigation of the causes of such a mortality; and if it results from being overcrowded or from im-

pure air, or improper food, or a want of suitable medical attentions, the remedy should be promptly applied. Had those passengers been told as they stood on foreign wharves, ready to embark, that one out of every fifteen of their number was about getting into the hearse which would bear him to an ocean grave, would they not have shrunk back appalled!

At this rate packet ships will get the reputation of pest houses, and the sailors will have occasion to fear that they will be crowded out of their own cemetery. S.

#### ANSON G. PHELPS.

The public is already apprised of the decease of this distinguished merchant and good man. The philanthropic acts of his life are his best eulogy; his munificent gifts to beneficent purposes his best monument. In common with many others the sailors have been bereaved of a true friend. He was among the earliest to devise and execute plans for their social and moral improvement, and continued to the time of his death a member of the Board of the American Seamen's Friend Society. His age was three score and thirteen.—So he *died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people.*

#### Facts from the Reports of the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy.

**THE MINT.**—The entire coinage at the United States Mint from its origin to 31st of October last, was \$370,008,192 50. The gold coinage from 1st January last to 1st of October, was \$46,998,945 60; and the silver coinage \$7,996,225. Within four years, \$135,872,095 73 has been added to the gold and silver coin of the country, over and above what has been exported, without including what has been brought by immigrants.

It will be seen from the above that California has added over *one-third* to the coinage of the country within the last *four years*. A good reason truly, for the increasing prices of every other commodity.

The receipts into the Treasury, of the last fiscal year, ending 30th June last, were—from customs, \$58,931,865; lands, \$1,667,085; miscellaneous, \$738,624. Total \$61,337,574. Expenditures, \$54,026,818.—Excess of receipts, \$7,310,756, which added to the balance on hand at the beginning of the year, makes a balance on hand at the end of the year, June 30, 1853, of \$21,942,892.

Where is the other government on the globe not in want of funds?—Ours has too much.

The table of tonnage which accompanies this report shows that our tonnage is now 4,407,010 tons, and exceeds that of any preceding year, by 268,000 tons. These tables prove that we enjoy a prosperous commerce, with an increasing capacity to extend it.

A quarter of a century only has passed since our tonnage was little over 1,000,000

The American Navy consists of about seventy vessels—embracing all, from ships of the line to the smallest brig, schooner and store-ships. Of these, many ships of the line, frigates, steamers and sloops of war, are not only unfit for service, but I am advised by the Bureau of Construction and Repairs, are not worth repairing. There are not now in the Navy forty vessels which could be brought into service in ninety days if needed. There is no steamer in the Pacific or African squadron; but one of two guns in the Brazil squadron, and no steamer of more than ten guns. The law only authorizes the enlistment of seven thousand five hundred men, which, with an allowance of a proper complement for each vessel, would not man a fleet of fifty vessels, with a fair proportion of large ships.

The Secretary complains of the inadequacy of our Navy to guard our extensive coasts, and protect our spreading commerce, and recommends the addition of six first class frigate propellers, and two first class sailing frigates. Estimated cost, over \$5,000,000. If necessary, let them be built; yet, almost without a standing army, we have the strongest, most invulnerable army on the globe. Would it not be better to encourage mail lines of steamers, propellers and clippers, to China, Australia, and Africa, and France—vessels so built as to be easily converted into ships of war? Let government encourage commerce, and ship-building of the right kind for Naval service, and we will soon have the empire of the sea without fighting for it; or, if we must fight, can soon have a Navy for the work.

#### Seamen's Chaplain at St. Thomas, W. I.

Rev. Elisha Whittlesey, late Pastor of a church in Canaan, Conn., sailed under commission from the American Seamen's Friend Society for his field of Labor on the 3d ult.

For the Sailor's Magazine.

#### LETTERS FROM POLYNESIA.

*Small pox; Fall shipping season; Loss of the Citizen; New Holland; Feejee Islands; Tahiti; Colporteur in Honolulu; Onan-daga Indian among Seamen.*

HONOLULU, Oct. 6, 1853.

Several weeks have elapsed since the date of my last letter. During most of this period a most sad and distressing sickness has been raging in Honolulu, and various parts of the Islands. I refer to the small pox, which commenced its ravages in June, and I regret to report that the terrible

scourge has not, as yet, been removed. But few cases remain in Honolulu, and the immediate vicinity of the city, but in remote parts of this island, and in some of the neighboring islands the fatal malady still progresses. Since it commenced, not less than three thousand natives have been carried off. Comparatively few cases have occurred among the foreign population. Good vaccination has been found an almost sovereign remedy. At first great was the alarm among our foreign families but ere long, it wore away, so much so, that I felt no serious anxiety after visiting a large district where the disease was raging, about returning home, without taking any precaution. There was much suffering among the poor people. To relieve all that was possible, many of our citizens volunteered to visit certain districts daily. I was accustomed to visit a portion of the city, where there were usually from thirty to forty cases at all the various stages of the disease. I had previously no adequate idea of the loathsomeness of this fearful contagion when it attacks a people like the aborigines of these islands. I am happy to report that many recover. I should judge that the proportion is about as follows in Honolulu, one third have escaped altogether, one-third have died, and the remaining third have recovered.

Our Fall shipping season is just commencing. Fifteen ships have arrived, but a mighty fleet is, doubtless, steering for our various ports. So far as reports have come from the Ochotsk Sea, the success has been tolerably good; but not so in the Arctic ocean. Very many of the ships had taken nothing, others only a few whales. Unless the latter part of the season is more favorable but very lit-



the oil will be taken. Capt. Fales of the "Helen Augusta," remarked to me, yesterday, that oftentimes as many as seventy ships would be seen during a single day, while scarcely a ship would have taken a whale.

Last season, one ship was missing, viz., the "Citizen." It was supposed that she must have been destroyed by the ice and lost. It has now been ascertained that she went ashore in a gale, Sept. 24th, 1852, while cruising in latitude 67°. The crew wintered among the Indians.

In another column of the Magazine will be found an account of the wreck of the "Citizen," which I have copied from the Polynesian of Sept. 24th. From the same person who furnished the particulars there published I have obtained a few additional in relation to the ship's company. From memory he furnishes the following list of the crew:

T. H. Norton, master, Martha's Vineyard.  
 Lewis C. Roy, 1st officer, Newark, N. J.  
 John P. Fisher, 2nd officer, M. Vineyard.  
 William Smith, 3d do., unknown.  
 Wm. Collins, 4th do., unknown.  
 C. F. Heath, carpenter, Philadelphia.  
 John Johnson, cooper, England.  
 A. Osborn, boatsteerer, M. Vineyard.  
 John Norton " " "  
 John Lackadore, " " unknown.  
 Jas. Wentworth, " " "  
 A. Ferdinand, " " "  
 George Long, seaman, Philadelphia.  
 James Mitchell, " Reading, Pa.  
 Charles Noss, " N. Haven, Ct.  
 Charles Dyer, " Pennsylvania..  
 Nicholas Powers, " Boston, Mass  
 Wm. Myers, " M. Vineyard.  
 John Jones, " unknown.  
 Dennis Aping, " St. Helena.  
 Peter Cox, " Camden, N. J.

Jas. Flannigan, " Ireland.  
 W. H. May, " unknown.  
 2 Kanakas, " "  
 9 Portuguese, " "  
 Wm. Smith, cook, (col.) "  
 Chris. Simmons, steward, "  
 Of the above, five were drowned, viz: Chas. T. Heath, and four Portuguese.

Two are reported to have perished with the cold, viz: James Wentworth and a Sandwich Islander.

Three men belonged to the crew whose names my informant was unable to recollect.

As I am writing about Polynesia I will furnish a few particulars respecting other parts besides these islands. I have just received intelligence from Tahiti, Feejee, Sydney and other places in the South Pacific.

Reports from Sydney and other parts of New Holland, very much resemble those from California, about two years after the gold mines were discovered. Vast numbers are pouring into New Holland from all parts of the world, and I regret that any are so foolish as to leave the Eastern and Middle States for that part of the world. Gold certainly blinds its votaries, or Yankees never would push their way to the shores of New Holland. A correspondent writes me from Sydney in July, reporting much distress among the inhabitants, altho' business was generally good.

At the Feejee Islands a most singular state of things prevails. The English Wesleyan Missionaries are laboring there with tolerable good success. Still among the people the horrid practice of cannibalism prevails, to a most alarming extent. One of the missionaries writes under date of 4th of March, "At Bare (the capital of the group) in the presence of a missionary, in defiance of British and American ships of war, in spite

of our promises to enrich them if they would regard our feelings, five of the most intelligent and ladylike women were strangled, in honor of the old Cannibal Tanoa. This has fearfully revived the horrid custom." The writer then describes numerous instances of murdering for the sake of procuring victims *for food!* He concludes thus, "All this right under my own observation. Let our friends pray." If any of the readers of the Magazine would wish to see a likeness of the old Cannibal Chief Tanoa, I would refer them to Wilke's U. S. Exploring Expedition, page 57.

News from Tahiti and the Society Islands is far from encouraging. The French have raised the flood gates of intemperance, and all the consequent evils are preying upon the people. At the leeward Islands during the last year, there has been much fighting among the people. The "Royalist," which started for the Marquesas, with our Missionary party, reached Tahiti safely, and had sailed for the Marquesas Islands. News is anxiously waited for from that quarter of the world.

As I have already intimated, our Fall shipping season has commenced. I am much encouraged to enter vigorously upon my duties, in as much as our American Tract Society has furnished a Colporteur, to assist me, among seamen. Our Society voted \$600 for that purpose, and employed the Seaman's Chaplain in San Francisco, to send us the proper man. The person selected was a Mr. Ryan, who was once a sailor, and officer on board several American vessels. He has sailed on board a whale ship, and in merchant vessels and vessels of war. He proves to be *just the man*. I never felt stronger!

Lately a sailor-man has made his

appearance among us, and especially in our Bethel prayer meetings, whose origin and character is quite interesting. He came out in the "Mechanics' Own" from New York. He is a full blooded Indian of the Onondaga Tribe in the State of New York. His piety is apparently of the right stamp.— Last evening he spoke at our Temperance, and the evening before at our weekly prayer meeting. Coming from among the Red-men and taking a right stand, speaks encouragingly for those Missionaries who have been laboring in that tribe. He says that the Wesleyan Methodists are the principal laborers among his people. I shall endeavor to introduce him to the native churches in Honolulu.

Yours, truly,

S. C. DAMON,

Chaplain.

### "It will do to put in the Plate."

Trading with a market woman one day, I chanced to pay her a bad penny. She examined, and was about to return it; but suddenly dropped it in her pocket, saying, "*It will do to put in the plate.*"

The incident has its counterpart and moral. When I see a man carefully concealing his gift in the hollow of his hand, and putting it in with the back of his hand up, I feel quite sure he is thinking "*it will do to put in the plate.*"

When I find a man more familiar with the text, "*Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth*," than with any other, I cannot avoid the conviction that his right hand must be nearly as ignorant on the subject of Christian beneficence as his left, and that whatever he gives he supposes "*it will do to put in the plate.*"

When I hear a lady, in the richest attire, and with as many hoops on her fingers as a cooper would put on a very weak cask, bemoaning the condition of the poor, while she gives from her wardrobe only the meanest moth-eaten garment; beyond a question, she fancies "*it will do to put in the plate.*"

When I hear people talking of hard times and of the wintry condition of the poor, while they are never seen sending them a ton of coal, a quarter of beef, or a barrel of flour, I take it for granted that whatever they may give "*will do to put in the plate.*"

When I hear a Niagara of sympathy expressed for the tempest-tossed sailors, and long-breath intentions of doing them good at some future day, I have the charity to credit such persons the belief that their sympathy and intentions "*will do very well to put in the plate.*"

And when, as is sometimes the case, depreciated bank notes, smooth shillings, and outlandish coins are found—the halt, the lame and the blind—it is very strange that sensible people should think of such—"*it will do to put in the plate.*"

A very different opinion is expressed in Maliachi, 1.8. S.

### U. S. NAVY.

#### *The Secretary's Report.*

Has the Secretary adopted a wise policy in his recommendatory improvements in the Navy? He recommends its re-organization, and increase. He recommends an increase of pay—wages corresponding with those received in the merchant service, or which the same men would command employed in industrial pursuits on land. He recommends (as Congress has removed the lash, and he would, by no means, have it restored,) adequate punishment of the

bad, by confinement, and forfeiture of wages and certain privileges; giving the amount thus forfeited to the worthy men, who faithfully perform their own duties, and, also, the duties of those confined for their offences. He recommends promotion—not by the rule of seniority of commission, but on the ground of merit.

Most of these recommendations meet our hearty approval; but why is another—more important to the social and moral improvement, as well as the honor of the Navy, than either or all the rest—entirely omitted? Was it a wise policy that left it out, under the fear that it might peril the adoption of the rest? We mean a recommendation to repeal the law regulating the SPIRIT RATION in the Navy. We have reason to believe that the Secretary regards that law in the light both of a curse and a disgrace; inasmuch as the grog-tub, daily paraded by law before the men and boys, is notoriously the cause of nine-tenths of the offences requiring punishment on board of Naval vessels. The Secretary dwells on the difficulties attendant on getting good men, or any kind of men, in sufficient numbers for the Naval service. Hence his recommendation of increased wages. Now, in our opinion, the grog-tub repels good men, and attracts the bad; so that if as good wages were there obtained as anywhere else, the best men cannot be obtained; while those who have been steeped and stupified in alcohol will go where their vicious appetite for strong drink can be indulged. Let, then, the grog-tub, as the first step to improvement, be pitched into the sea, and other reformatory measures recommended, and not recommended, be adopted. Then will our Naval Flag be a palladium of national rights



and honor on every sea and shore, and an effective aid of commerce, of science, and civilization. When this subject again occupies the attention of Congress, it is earnestly hoped that no honorable member will be so lost to self-respect, the good of seamen, and the honor of his country, as again to exclaim, "Let poor Jack have his grog." S.

### PANAMA CHAPLAINCY.

*Extracts from the Chaplain's Journal.*

Oct. 11th,—To-day succeeded in starting off poor Paci, for his home in Italy, by way of the U. S. A few months ago, he was a hale man, but lately, bronchitis, tending to consumption, has reduced him to a skeleton. I found him in the Spanish Hospital, where, from want of care and ill-treatment, he was likely to die, and by much effort gained him admittance to the American Hospital, where he has improved. While yet in Italy, he shewed a dislike to popery, and a fondness for Protestant worship, and from there he brought a letter from our Consul, Mr. Hastings, to Dr. Baird, in New York. Here I have conversed with him, as well as broken French, Spanish, and English would allow us, and I trust he may be a Christian. Felt that he must die if he staid here, and longed to die, if die he must, in the arms of his friends. Made him up a purse by contributions, and sent him off, with letters to friends of mine on the way. God go with him.

19th,—To-day, a dying papist sent for me to the hospital, "to administer the sacrament" to him. I went, of course, but told him if that was what he wanted he ought to send for a priest, and not for me; but he refused, saying he had preferred me. Then I told him I had brought no sacrament; but I had something much better than that for a man in his condition, viz., Jesus Christ himself, who was able to take him from his bed of pain directly to heaven, as he did the thief on the cross. He grasped eagerly at offered hope, as I explain-

ed, in few words, his condition as a sinner, God's way of salvation, and what he needed to do to secure it for himself, and, after that, said no more about the sacrament. As I was leaving him, he grasped my hand, pressed it to his lips, and blessed me from his very heart. Who can tell but God really converted him in that brief hour.

20th,—He died to-day. To-day, succeeded in sending off poor S— on the steamer ——— to California. Capt. ——— kindly received him on board at my request. It is a great mercy to him, as he could never be better here, and may recover in a cooler climate. He owes the disease, which threatens to carry him to the grave, to his treatment, or want of treatment, in that murderous native hospital.

His is a strange case. Born in London, of pious parents, it would seem he was well trained till he was about eight years old, when he fell in with the street boys, and became one of them. He ran away from home, and, at the age of nine years, became a sailor boy, which profession he has followed now these many years. He married in London, but finding, on his return from one of his voyages, that his wife was unfaithful to him, he forsook her, and became a wanderer from his native land. A year or two since, while in an hospital in Quebec, he was induced to join the papal church, and when I first found him in the hospital here, he professed himself a papist boldly. I have labored with him nearly six months, and during that time have made no effort to lead him to change his faith, but much to lead him to Christ, as the only Savior from sin and hell. At times he has had a keen sense of sin, so much so, that he dared not come to the Throne of Grace, and this, too, after he obtained a hope in Christ; but these seasons of doubt did not last long. Generally, his conversation has been that of an humble, penitent man, and believer in Christ. To-day, as I handed him his permit to go on board, I bid him remember it was necessary for him to keep always close to God, if he would be strong to labor and endure.

He said he knew that right well, for he had tried to live holy by his own strength, and miserably failed. I bade him cling to his Bible. "Do you think I can forget that?" he said. "Many a time, when I could not sleep for anguish, have I risen, and, with a bit of candle, have whiled away an hour in reading the Testament you gave me, and after doing so, I would go to sleep, and not wake till morning." He is humble, patient and docile; he seems to have an uncommon sense of sin, yet professes to look to Christ for full salvation. The Lord knows His own.

J. ROWELL, *Chaplain.*

Panama, Oct. 29th, 1853.

### Account of Monies.

From Nov. 15th, to Dec. 15th, 1853.

#### *Directors for Life by the Payment of Fifty Dollars.*

Robert Campbell, Augusta, Geo. 50 00

#### *Members for Life by the Payment of Twenty Dollars.*

Rev. Geo. Oviatt, Cabotville, Mass., (by amt. paid Treas. Boston S. F. Soc'y.)

Rev. Geo. Darling, Lowell, Mass., do do.

Sarah V. Hosmer, Lowell, Mass., do do.

Rev. Christian Cushing, N. Bridgewater, do do.

Rebecca B. Mills, do, do do.

Sarah Cressey, Marblehead, do do.

Elizabeth Nutting, do, do do.

Mary J. Goodwin, do, do do.

Susan G. Knight, do, do do.

Miss Lizzie M. Stanton, by Mrs. Giles Buckingham, Clinton Ct., 20 00

Dea. Frederick Morgan, by First Con. Soc. Colchester, Ct., 21 51

Israel Newton, do do., 21 51

Capt. Hiram Weeks do do., 21 52

Mrs. Ardelia Sparrow, by Con. Sew. Soc. Colchester, Ct., to build a Bethel at Valparaíso., 20 00

Rev. G. W. Pendleton, by Bapt. Ch., Colchester, Ct., 20 00

Ezra J. Cooper, Morristown, N. J., by Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Canfield, (amt. ack. be.)

Mrs. E. R. Foursyth, Salem, Mass., by H. P. Haven, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. below).

Mrs. C. L. Rose, Sag Harbor, N.Y., by do., (do.)

Charles E. Palmer, N. Hertford, N.Y., by Capt. A. Barns, New London, Ct., (amt. ack. below)

Mrs. Asa M. Gilbert, New Haven, Ct. by Betsey Punderson, Huntington, Ct., (balance), 10 00

David G. Mason, West Swanzy, N. H., 20 00

Lewis Atterbury, Patterson, N. J., by his Grandmother, 20 00

Charles Olmstead, by First Con. Soc., Norwalk, Ct., 20 00

Miss Mary E. Bennett, do do., 20 00

Miss Sarah A. Lockwood, do, 20 00

Miss Lucy Merrill, do do., 20 76

Capt. W. H. Leary N. York, 20 00

Joseph R. Vincent, by First Bapt. Ch. Westerly, R. I., 20 00

S. S. Carew, Stonington, Ct., by S. Carew, 2d pay't., 5 00

H. W. Chatfield, by First Con. Soc. Bridgeport, Ct., 20 00

John W. Hinks, by do do., 20 00

Charles B. Hubbell, do do., 20 00

R. B. Lacey, do do., 20 00

Mrs. Wm. W. Naramore, do., (in part.), 5 00

Mrs. Betsey Shelton, by G. W. Shelton, Birmingham, Ct., (amt. ack. below).

Mrs. Mary Allen, Oberlin, Ohio, by do do., (amt. ack. below).

Miss Emily Somers, Newtown, Ct., by Henry Somers, Birmingham, Ct., (amt. ack. below).

Thomas Williams, by Con. Soc. Hopkinton, N. H., 18 33

Isaac Chandler, do do., 18 33

Joseph G. Abbott, by Mrs. S. C. Gerrish, Sanbornton, N. H., 20 00

John Bones, Augusta, Geo., 20 00

John Johnson, Columbus, by Pres. Ch., 21 76

Dr. A. Pond, do do do., 21 77



*Donations.*

From ALady in N. Lebanon, Ct.,	1 00
" Con. Soc. North Woodstock, Ct.,	25 00
" From a Friend,	12
" First Con. Soc., Farmington, Ct.,	36 59
" Pres. Ch., Valatie, N. Y., (in part),	4 69
" Ref'd. Dutch Ch., Kinderhook, N. Y.	47 29
" Pres. Ch., Bloomfield, N. J.,	43 77
" Bap. Ch. Morristown, N. J.,	7 67
" A Friend,	5 00
" Second Pres. Ch., Morristown, N. J.,	45 00
" Second Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	139 50
" Con. Soc. Marion, Mass.	4 74
" First Con. Soc., Danbury, Ct.,	53 15
" Con. Soc. Ridgefield, Ct., (balance),	5 00
" Ladies and Gentlemen's Benev. Soc'y, First Parish Amherst, Mass.,	47 33
" Mrs. B. T. Carter's Class S. Scholars, N. Hadley, Mass.,	2 53
" F. Parker, Castleton, Vt.,	1 00
" Con. Soc., Lebanon, N. H.,	13 00
" Mrs. Homan Hallock, Plainfield, Mass.,	1 00
" First Con. Soc., New London, Ct.,	99 10
" First Con. Soc., Waterbury, Ct.,	42 78
" Second, do do do.,	34 78
" Con. Soc. Westerly, R. I.,	13 00
" Con. Soc., Dunbarton, N. H.,	15 00
" Ladies Sea. Fr'd. Soc. First Pres. Ch., Hudson, N. Y.,	25 00
" James Demarest, N. Y.,	15 00
" Capt. Brewster, Stonington, Ct.,	3 00
" Mrs. E. W. King, N. Y.,	5 00
" St. James' Ch., Newtown, N. Y.,	6 56
" Con. Soc., Birmingham, Ct.,	93 93
" Friend, N. York,	5 00
" Con. Ch. and Soc., Sanbornton, N. H.,	8 00
" Second Con. Soc., Biddeford, Me.,	17 70

From First Ch. and Soc'y Wells Me., (in part)	6 21
" Con. Ch. and Soc., Atkinson, N. H.,	13 76
" Mrs. Martha Trent, Richmond, Va.,	1 00
" Artemas Gould, Augusta, Geo.,	10 00
" Individuals First Pres. Ch., Augusta, Geo.,	95 00
" Individuals Rev. Mr. Binney's, do do.,	13 00
" Amt. Rec'd for Preaching, by Secretary,	20 00
" Boston Sea. Fr'd. Soc.,	187 00
	<hr/> \$1,664 15

*Moneys received into the Treasury of the Boston Sea. Fr. Soc'y*

Evangelical Ch. and Soc., Shelburn,	16 89
Con. Ch. & Soc., Tewksbury,	16 05
Sewing Circle Royalston, (per H. N. Bullard),	7 00
Monument Ch. and Soc. Deerfield, in full to constitute Rev. David A. Strong, L. M.,	11 00
Con. Ch. and Soc., Bellville, Newburyport, to constitute Mrs. Sarah W. Hale, William Currier and Joseph D. Coffin, L. M.,	62 00
Ch. and Soc. in Manchester, to constitute Rev. Rufus Taylor, L. M.	20 00
Florence Buck, for Tracts.	1 00
Union Orthodox Soc., Westford, per Dea. Lawrence.,	5 75
Ch. and Soc. in Hoillston, \$20 to constitute Mrs. Anna Tucker, L. M.,	69 00
Ch. and Soc., West Cambridge, to constitute Rev. Francis Horton and John Field, Esq., L. M.	40 20
Shawmut Ch. and Soc., Boston.,	44 00
Central Ch., Boston, \$20 to make Rev. J. W. Cross, W. Boylston, L. M.,	107 36
Phillips Ch. and Soc., South Boston,	72 56
Essex St. Ch., Boston,	163 00
Legacy from Miss Caroline Andrews, South Dedham,	25 00
James Leonard, (Scotland,) in part, L. M.,	10 00